



Rustling in the Tall Grass by Luddleston

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Summary:

Becoming the champion of Alola was easy.

Trying to tell his boyfriend he loves him was not.

Rustling in the Tall Grass

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

Protag in this fic is Lee, SizzlyCrisp's original trainer. Credits for art and title also go to Sizzly, whose tumblr is @sizzlycrisp, go look at their cool stuff! I love Lee he's pink and great.

Lee sat on the floor of his bedroom, watching Meowth bat around a pokebean instead of eating it. Becoming the Champion of Alola was as easy as battling a Magikarp in comparison to the hypothetical conversation he kept re-running through his head. And it wasn't like there was a talking Rotom-dex to help him out when his issues were less about the population density of Pikipék and more about *how the hell do I ask a dude to sleep with me*.

"Meowth," he said, rolling onto his floor. Meowth was momentarily distracted by Lee's antics, and watched him. "How do I communicate? With humans?" Meowth, who had no answer because its ability to communicate with humans was already about as bad as Lee's, smacked the pokebean toward Lee, prompting him to throw it again.

This whole thing started a few days ago, when he was training with Hau, and, in a moment of distraction brought on by Hau re-doing his ponytail and being way too cute, had the fleeting thought of, *I want him all over my everything*. Having a boyfriend was one thing. Having a boyfriend and never really wanting anything more intimate until you suddenly *did* was another thing entirely.

Lee threw the pokebean back, and it bounced off the wall. "I need to go get some advice," he said, to which Meowth gave him an affronted glare. "I need advice from *someone who has dated a boy before*," Lee clarified.

He didn't know anyone who had dated a boy before. Unless Kukui was keeping something from him. Even so, Kukui probably wouldn't have any

advice beyond "take your shirt off." Yeah. No. He was twiggy than a Sudowoodo, and there was no way that was going to work.

Lee was eighteen years old. And he'd been dating Hau for five of those years. He should have had this whole thing figured out.

But instead, he was traipsing down Route 2, headed for Verdant Cavern and what was probably going to be an entire series of bad decisions. At least the bad decisions were somewhat logical: Ilima knew too much about everything, and people generally liked him, so he probably knew too much about dating, too. Still, it didn't stop him from cringing as he walked into the mossy cave and called for Ilima, who was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm back here," Ilima shouted from the back of the cave, and Lee wandered back, dodging stray Yungoos all the way in. Once in the clearing where the Totem pokemon was *not* hanging out for once, he almost tripped over the grass when he realized Ilima wasn't alone.

"Oh. Hau. Hey," he said lamely, taking a step back and then shifting a little in his place. His boyfriend was sitting cross-legged on the grass, Raichu curled up in his lap, Ilima perched on a rock a few feet away, smiling like he knew something the two of them didn't. Maybe, he knew what would be normal for Lee to do with his arms right now. That would be helpful information to share.

"You two," Ilima said, pointing at both of them in turn, "need to talk."

"We. What."

"I don't know if—"

"Shush," Ilima said, "you've been dating on and off for what? Four years?"

"Five," they corrected him in unison.

"So talk," Ilima said, crossing one leg over the other and folding his arms atop his knees.

Hau gave him a sidelong glance. "Are you just gonna sit there?"

"Well, someone has to make sure you actually tell him what you told me," Ilima said, "and I'm a neutral party."

"As long as the 'neutral party' doesn't tell the whole of Alola our business," Hau said, jabbing Ilima's knee with his elbow.

Neutral or otherwise, Lee didn't think they needed a mediator. He sat down across from Hau anyway, and Raichu hopped off Hau's lap to cuddle between them. "Now," Ilima said, satisfied with their proximity, "tell Lee what you just said to me."

"I. Uh. Ha..." Hau scrubbed a hand through his messy ponytail. "Ilima, it's way more awkward with you here." He looked nervous, his fingers absently tapping on his knee, worry lines between his eyebrows, his bottom lip stuffed between his teeth. Lee rested a hand on top of Hau's ticcing fingers, and Hau finally stopped glancing at Ilima, and just looked at him, dark eyes fixated on a spot somewhere below Lee's chin. "It's just that we've been together for a while now. And even when we're not dating, we've always stayed friends, and when we got back together I just thought maybe. But I don't know if you even—aaagh, Ilima, why is this the worst?"

He craned around to glare at Ilima, and the quality of light on his cheekbones changed just enough to drive Lee crazy for half a second. It was the hottest part of the boiling Alolan summer, and while Lee spent most of the time covering himself in sunscreen and staying in air conditioned buildings if at all possible, Hau was always outside, and the sun turned his skin darker than it usually was.

He was gorgeous.

Hau was babbling something at Ilima, but all of it sounded like static, because Lee couldn't think of anything other than, *I want him, I want to be with him, I don't want to lose him, I want to do everything with him.*

"I love you," Lee said, cutting off whatever Hau was saying to Ilima. "And I also want to have sex with you. But mostly, I love you. And I'm fine if you don't. Want the sex thing. Or if you don't love me back, I mean. That's sad, but." He stopped there, face red like he'd been sunburned.

Hau just *laughed*, a sharp, bubbly giggle that turned into uncontrollable hysterics, and all of it had Lee frowning at him. "What?" Lee asked. "Why are you laughing—*Hau!*"

"I'm not—I'm sorry," Hau said, around leftover giggles. He patted Lee's shoulders and his knees, palms warm, fingertips just brushing the hem of Lee's shorts. "I laugh when I'm nervous—you *know* that."

Lee rolled his eyes. "Of course I know that, what I don't get is why *you're* nervous when I'm the one who just confessed all my feelings and—*Hau, stop laughing.*"

"No, it's just. Come here." Hau flicked Lee's cap off his forehead and pulled him in for a kiss. It was short, chaste, because Ilima was still watching them. "I came here to ask Ilima how to tell you the exact same thing," Hau finally explained, nosing fondly at Lee's cheek.

"I told you it would work out," Ilima said, looking very pleased with himself. "Now. Go have fun, unless you need me to lecture you on safe sex or something."

Lee shot back up to his feet with a "no—thanks—bye," shoving his cap back on, and Hau hoisted Raichu onto his shoulder as he stood, too.

"See you, Ilima," Hau said, resting a hand on the small of Lee's back to nudge him toward the cave entrance.

"You're welcome!" Ilima called after them, and both boys grumbled, "thanks," just loud enough for Ilima to hear.

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Nothing happened immediately, because the two of them were too strung-out to want to get it on right away. Instead, they went for malasada at the shop in Hau'oli city, and sat side-by-side in the booth, Raichu and Meowth on the opposite side. Hau sat contentedly with his arm around Lee, and no one paid them any mind, because most of the citizens of Hau'oli were used to the Kahuna and the Champion being cutesy in public.

Outside, the sunset was probably gorgeous, but Lee didn't want to move. He was stuffed with sweets and Hau was cozy to lean against. He propped his feet up next to Meowth, who looked indignant about it but allowed it. Hau was breaking off little pieces of malasada to toss at Raichu, who caught them in its mouth, to Hau's delight.

"I don't think I actually said it out loud," Hau said, bending his head to kiss Lee's ear, "but I love you."

Lee snuggled closer and laid his head on Hau's shoulder. "Gross."

"You don't mean that." Hau laid a kiss on top of his curls.

"Yes, I completely do mean that," Lee lied, resting his hand on Hau's knee.

"I love you."

"See? Disgusting."

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Hau had unleashed hell on a few kids who had won Ilima's challenge and thought they could stand up against the Kahuna of Melemele. "I feel a little bad, roughing 'em up like that," he said after, when he and Lee were lying on the floor in Hau's bedroom, faces next to each other, intermittently finding the oddest places they could kiss.

"That's what happens when you take on the Kahuna," Lee said, kissing Hau on the eyebrow.

"Ugh, that was weird. You win."

"We were playing a game? I thought you were just turned on by weird stuff," Lee joked, and Hau scrambled up faster than him, and tackled him back to the ground just as soon as he sat up, bussing his forehead against Lee's. "Let me up!" Lee squeaked, escaping from under Hau. He got up onto his knees this time before Hau came after him again, and they grappled for a moment, hands around each others' forearms, Hau's hair coming loose from its ponytail. Hau bowled him over before he got much of a chance to

fight back, knocking him spread-eagled on the floor, kicking his legs uselessly.

"Give up yet?"

"Never!" Lee struggled a little more, but Hau's body weight alone kept him from moving. "Okay. Maybe I do give up." He probably could have wrenched himself free if he tried hard enough, but he didn't want to risk the carpet burns from the tribal rug they were laying on.

"Ha. I knew it," Hau said, sitting back and folding his arms. He was landed in the vicinity of Lee's lower ribcage, and all of it—the self-satisfied smirk, the spread legs, the way his shirt was ruffled just enough to slide off one shoulder—made Lee want to keep kissing him and never stop. Hau must have caught the flushed, desperate look on Lee's face, because he shifted his hips back until he was astride Lee's lap, curling his fingers in the straps of Lee's tank top.

"Do you, um. Wanna do it?" Hau asked, and Lee sure thought the way he was running his hands over Hau's thighs and up his hips was enough of an indicative.

"Yeah."

There were some positives to the fact that Hala had gone on a trip around the four islands as soon as his term as Kahuna ended, the most important of which was the fact that no one was home to complain about his grandson sucking a boy's face in the middle of the living-room floor. Lee wrapped his arms around Hau's broad shoulders, pushed his chin against Hau's, and hitched his leg over Hau's hip.

"We should probably, like, go to an actual bed," Hau said, and it took Lee a moment to understand what he was saying, because he was busy burying his face in Hau's shoulder and deciding that he absolutely loved the cologne Hau wore.

"A what?"

"A bed, sure you've heard of one."

He shoved at Hau's chest but didn't manage to budge him. "Shut up," Lee grumbled, but he was the first one up the stairs to Hau's bedroom, appreciating the way Hau closed in behind him and grabbed his hips, kissing his neck and shoulder. Lee relaxed back into his warm chest, trying to remember exactly when Hau had gotten so much taller than him. He used to be just a few inches in the lead, until fifteen? Sixteen?

Hau was *handsy*, fingers tracing down Lee's arms and over his hipbones, up under the hem of his shirt, over the flat of his chest. Lee rolled his head back onto Hau's shoulder and let Hau kiss his jaw and the spot under his ear. Hau's nose bumped his temple, right where the black roots of Lee's hair were starting to show. "I'm nervous," he admitted, squeezing Lee's chest a little. "I've never done this before."

"And you think I have?"

"I dunno! Maybe when we weren't together, you—"

"Ew. No." Lee stepped out of Hau's embrace and pulled him all the way through the door, shutting it behind them so Raichu wouldn't sneak in. "I don't feel this way about people. Ever. Until you."

"And how do you feel?"

Ridiculously horny. He didn't answer Hau, just rose up on his tiptoes, one hand behind Hau's head, yanking him back down. He didn't know what to do with his other arm, and was thankful when Hau realized that, and took his hand, rather than letting it hover awkwardly there. They both had plenty of practice kissing each other breathless, but it never seemed to get old, especially not now, when Lee backed them up toward the bed because the both of them knew more was coming.

They ended up with Lee laying on top of Hau, their legs tangled together, Hau's knee in his crotch, pressing just enough to drive him nuts. "One second," Hau said, sitting up and tugging out his ponytail, shaking his hair loose. Lee reached for his hair, then pulled back, not sure whether that was

too sappy. He pulled his shirt off over his head instead, and fell in love with the gobsmacked look on Hau's face.

"You've seen me shirtless before," Lee said.

"That wasn't in the summer," Hau argued.

Lee had been out in the sun enough that he was covered in freckles from hairline to hip. He even had some scattered on his thighs and shins. "Would you quit staring?"

"I want to kiss every single one," Hau said, then pulled Lee's hand to his mouth, making good on his promise starting with Lee's forearm.

"That's going to take too long!"

"Oh?" Hau's perfect eyebrow arched. "You have somewhere to be?"

Lee yanked Hau's shirt up, but couldn't get it off, because Hau was still holding his left hand. "Up your ass!"

Hau freed himself from his shirt and tossed it off the bed. His muscles were ridiculous. "I didn't know you wanted to be on top," Hau said, which snapped Lee back to the present before he could drool on Hau's perfect pectorals.

"I mean. You could, or I could, or. I don't know," Lee said. "I kind of want you inside."

"Holy—geez. Yes. Yes, completely yes," Hau said, and Lee ran a hand down Hau's chest.

"Can I touch—" he started, hand resting just above the hem of Hau's shorts. Both of them were just in baggy athletic shorts, because it was too hot for anything else.

"Um, of course you can," Hau said immediately, and Lee moved slowly, but not slowly enough to avoid nearly scaring the life out of him when he realized what exactly Hau was hiding in his pants.

He was huge. Either that, or Lee was just abnormally small. But that couldn't be right. This was way more dick than anyone needed, and it didn't even feel a little bit like Hau was wearing underwear. Lee's hand just sat there lamely for a moment, because he couldn't think anything beyond what the hell am I getting myself into? "Uh, Hau. You..." he said, pulling his hand back like he'd been burned.

"Yeah, I know," Hau said.

"I think I need a minute." He sat back, swinging his leg over Hau's lap so he was just sitting next to Hau on the bed, still eyeing the tent in Hau's shorts, which, now that he'd felt him up, even looked enormous.

"Okay." Hau sat up too, inching toward Lee. When he got too close, Lee froze.

"No, like. A minute minute. I'm gonna go. To the bathroom for a second." He got up before he could spit out another truncated sentence, leaving a confused-looking Hau in his wake.

Lee stared at himself in the mirror. This shouldn't have been such an issue, he thought, after all, Hau seemed perfectly willing to let things go whatever way Lee wanted them to. He didn't have to be on the bottom. But it still didn't make anything less nerve-wracking. "Why did I think I was ready for this?" he asked himself in the mirror, scrubbing a hand through his candy-colored curls.

"If you're not ready for this, you know I don't mind," Hau said from where he was eavesdropping on Lee's private conversation with himself which may have sounded a little bit like a question for Hau. He poked his head through the door, looking adorably concerned with his hair falling around his shoulders. His shirt was back on, too. "Do you want me to walk you home?"

Lee didn't need an escort in the first place, but he shook his head anyway. "I want to stay," he said. Raichu butted its head through the door and hopped onto the toilet seat, pawing at Lee's arm until he petted behind its ears. "Do you maybe want to just cuddle and watch a movie?"

"Yeah!" Hau said, perking up immediately. He started listing off all the newest films he'd downloaded, and Lee followed him out of the bathroom, scooping up Raichu on his way.

They ended up sitting on one of the couches in the living room, Hau's laptop on the coffee table. Lee sat with his legs over Hau's lap, laying with his head on the arm of the couch, and eventually, Hau curled up with him and made happy little noises when Lee petted his hair. He didn't seem too upset that their first attempt at sex had gone downhill, like he was happy just to snuggle Lee straight into the couch cushions until they were stuck there permanently.

"It's not just because of your dick," Lee said. "I'm not like. Scared. It just got too real for a second."

"I get it," Hau said, patting Lee's belly with a warm hand. "I liked what we did. I'm happy," he said, and Lee sighed, his ribcage moving up and down under Hau's hand.

"That's a relief."



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Lee's sudden panic in the face of sex didn't last long, but their second, third, and fourth attempts went about as well as the first. They were nearly walked in on by Lee's mother once, and Lee was certain she noticed his messy hair and the hickey on Hau's collarbone, but she didn't say anything besides telling them how adorable they were as a couple. The next time, they discovered that Lee's ribcage was ticklish enough to send him into fits of laughter that lasted until neither of them were hard anymore. They planned a big, romantic evening for the fourth time (well. Romantic for Hau, which was dinner at home and a movie and the lights turned down), but ended up having to cancel their plans because Lee had to go face someone challenging his title as Champion.

They didn't even come close to winning, not when his team could sense his annoyance at the interruption.

Their most recent attempt had gone slightly better—it wasn't perfect, not by a long stretch, but they had a few hours alone in Lee's house, and Hau had backed him into a wall, which was new and exciting and only a little bit of a strain on his neck.

They'd been making out for a solid few minutes when Lee started to take Hau's hair down, slipping his hair tie around his wrist and carding his fingers through it. He knew Hau liked this, had known since the first time Hau laid his head in Lee's lap and demanded that he pet his hair—they'd been thirteen.

Hau bit Lee's bottom lip, teeth digging into the swell of it, and it made Lee's hand tighten in Hau's hair, hard enough to yank Hau's head back, his chin painfully bumping into Lee's nose. It must not have hurt for Hau, though, because he ground harder against the thigh Lee had stuffed between his legs and moaned loud. Then he froze, mouth hanging open, head tipped back, just for a second before all of him shook against Lee, and Lee didn't realize until after the fact, when Hau was panting in his shoulder and wrapping shaky hands around Lee's waist, that he'd just seen his boyfriend's o-face for the first time.

"Ow," he said, when his brain caught up with the smarting pain in his nose.

"Huh?" Hau's eyes were droopy and warm.

"I said ow, because you bashed your chin into my nose," Lee said.

"I did what?"

"When I pulled your hair."

"Oh. Oh! Crap, sorry, babe! I didn't—and then I just—ohhh, I'm the worst boyfriend," Hau whined, nuzzling against the crook of Lee's neck. "I'm sorry."

"I think I'll live." Lee stroked the nape of Hau's neck and felt him shiver a little again. "Did you just come?"

"Uh, yes, I completely did."

"So you're into having your hair pulled?"

"Apparently, I am," Hau said, leaving in a series of long kisses on Lee's neck in another moment of post-orgasmic bliss. Lee was busy patting at his nose to make sure it wasn't bleeding or broken. "Oh! Lee! Do you want me to—"

"Nope. Nope, not even a little," Lee said, sniffing and determining that there was nothing wrong with his nose. "The face pain killed my boner."

"Eugh. Sorry," Hau said for the third time. "And, uh. I'm sticky. Do you own any shorts that're long enough to hide my tan lines?"

"Nope," Lee said, shuffling through his drawers. "This is why you shouldn't go commando all the time."

"You love it," Hau countered, accepting the pair of shorts Lee gave him and stepping into them while Lee glanced in the opposite direction because he didn't think it was fair if he saw Hau naked without returning the favor. He did glance back over when Hau walked his (sticky) pants to the washer, and nearly choked on nothing when he discovered how fantastic Hau's ass looked in Lee's too-small shorts. He was seriously going to have to get Hau to wear tighter pants, because hiding that ass was a crime.

Hau returned from the laundry with Meowth following him, and sat cross-legged on Lee's bed, immediately making Lee realize that those shorts were too small in the front, too. "So, uh. I feel like a jerk," he said.

"You shouldn't," Lee replied, after all, it hadn't been Hau's fault they accidentally discovered one of his turn-ons.

"I know, but I squished your nose and everything! Tell me how I can make it up to you."

"Kiss it better," Lee said, pointing at his nose. Hau laughed and pecked him on the tip, barely any pressure, probably because he didn't want to do any

more damage. "Okay," Lee said after, kissing Hau's warm lips, "you made it up to me."

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Lee ended up taking a trip to Akala, because Kukui wanted him there for some event at the Battle Royale Dome. Hau hadn't figured out yet that the professor moonlighted as a luchador, and Lee wasn't about to crush his dreams (besides, he had to stay on Melemele to fulfil his duties as the Kahuna), so Hau didn't join him for the weekend.

That much wasn't unusual. They were used to being apart for a few days at a time, mostly because Lee being the Champion meant he was basically a celebrity in Alola, and of course, he had to be at the Pokemon League whenever there was a challenger scheduled. Hau was mostly stuck in Melemele, but that didn't bother him, because he loved his hometown even more than Lee loved traveling.

The strange thing about this trip was the fact that Hau had messaged him right before his return ferry, and it read, "I've got a surprise for you when you come home! <3 <3"

It could have meant anything, really. Hau could've just figured out how to make homemade malasada, or one of the trainers he'd started on their journey had come back to visit. Or, the dirty side of Lee's brain suggested, he could've bought some fancy underwear and a bottle of wine.

It was probably the malasada thing.

"Is that Hau?" Kukui asked, leaning over Lee's shoulder to glance at the screen. Lee was immediately glad Hau wasn't texting him anything dirty.

"Yeah," he replied, "he said he has a surprise for me, I don't know if I should be worried."

"Yeah? I want a surprise!" Kukui joked.

"You're not his boyfriend," Lee said, "you don't get a surprise."

Kukui laughed and leaned back against the rail of the boat. "Yeah, I forget you guys are actually dating sometimes, guess I always just talked to Hala about how you totally should, I didn't even expect it when it really happened."

Lee wasn't even surprised that Hala and Kukui had suspected something before he and Hau even started dating. "Well. In any case, I have no idea what he's trying to surprise me with," Lee sighed, tipping his head back and enjoying the breeze ruffling his hair. He just hoped Kukui didn't start throwing out guesses.

When he got home, Hau had built a blanket fort.

It was impressive, too, a nest of pillows in the middle and fairy lights strung up all over the whole thing. Hau was laying in the middle, looking incredibly proud of himself, cuddling with Raichu on top of his and Lee's unzipped sleeping bags, a pizza box and a pair of drinks resting on this little footstool he was using as a table.

"Welcome home," Hau said, and Lee dropped his backpack just inside the door and smiled at him.

"What's all this?"

"It's my surprise!" Hau announced. "I got bored. So, this happened. Come inside," he said, waving him forward. Lee stepped out of his shoes and curled up next to Hau, hugging him and tucking his head against Hau's chest. "There's pizza," Hau said, and Lee could feel the buzz of his voice in his chest.

"Don't wanna move."

"But pizza!" Hau said, and Lee finally peeled himself away so they could eat in peace.

"Where'd you find the lights?"

"Dug them out of the basement," Hau explained around a bite.

"Cool."

They ate in relative silence, because neither of them were very good at holding up their end of a conversation when there was food in the way. Hau trotted off with the box after they were done, to put the rest of the pizza in the fridge, and Lee finished off the rest of his soda, then laid back on the pillows, looking at the lopsided star shape Hau had strung the lights into.

"I'm back," Hau said, stooping to get into the fort, curling up on his side next to Lee, who kissed him on the forehead.

"You're a good boyfriend," Lee said, and Hau just chuckled and then hugged him.

"I try."

Lee suddenly felt like there was something else he was supposed to say, like Hau had plans for how tonight was going to turn out, and it was supposed to end with both of them getting naked. "I love you," Lee said, and it came out sounding like he'd just realized it all over again. "And I'm... sorry. That I'm so bad at the sex thing."

"Why are you apologizing for that?" Hau asked, his perfect eyebrows drawn together in worry. "I wasn't, you know. Expecting anything."

"Oh. I totally thought you were."

"No, no way! I was just bored, and I wanted to do something nice for you, because I love you," Hau said, looping a firm arm around Lee's waist. "Why? Do you want to have sex tonight?"

Lee considered it for a brief moment, then shook his head. "No, I missed you. I just want to hold you."

Hau kissed him fervently, all his motions deliberate, the way they never had been when they were kids. Lee remembered being fifteen, the first time they tried to make out, bumping teeth and clumsily trying to hold hands without looking what they were doing. Back then, he'd thought that was the

most overwhelmed he'd ever feel, but fifteen-year-old Lee had no idea he'd have a gorgeous, well-practiced Hau leaning over him, kissing him like he was trying to say he loved him in every way possible.

Things settled into slow, tender kisses as the night wore on, the both of them curling into one another's space and bumping their knees together until Hau folded both Lee's legs over his knees, one hand resting on the outside of his thigh. This was the best thing about Hau being so much bigger than him, Lee decided, the fact that Hau could hold him and feel all-encompassing. Lee found a spot that Hau had missed shaving, and poked it with his thumb until Hau rolled his eyes and nipped the tip of his chin.

Lee must have fallen asleep, because at one point, he woke up with Hau's face buried in his neck, slow kisses being dropped onto his skin, and couldn't remember having gotten to that point. He didn't know why he was so tired—the trip hadn't been overly exhausting, but he tipped his head to the side, bumping his chin into Hau's forehead. "Hey. I'm falling asleep," he said.

Hau's chest rumbled in a laugh. "I know," he said. "I can tell."

"Why're you still kissing me, then? You perv," Lee joked, kicking Hau in the butt with the heel of his foot.

"It felt nice," Hau said, and his breath tickled Lee's neck.

"I hope you realize I am gonna pass out on you right here."

"That's cool."

The next morning, he woke up with Hau's morning wood poking him in the ass, and he wasn't even mad about it.

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"Hau," Lee groaned, "stop it." Hau kept trying to sneak blades of grass down the back of Lee's shirt while Lee sifted through his bag.

"You know, you'd be able to find your Pokedex a lot faster if you organized that thing," Hau teased, stuffing another long blade of grass into Lee's T-shirt.

"Shut up!" Lee batted Hau's hand away, but not before Hau managed to shove what felt like a handful of grass down Lee's shirt. Lee scrambled away, yelling, "what the fuck, dude!?" and stripping off his shirt, shaking the grass out of it. Hau was laughing hard enough that he had to sit down, thumping hard into a patch of tall grass that probably wasn't hiding any pokemon anymore, considering how loud the two of them were being.

Kukui had hired a few new interns, but Lee was pretty sure he and Hau trying to "help" them take population samples was actually slowing them down, because of stuff like this. They were on a nondescript stretch of road near Ten-Carat Hill, the kind of place that trainers didn't hang out very often because it was undergoing a Yungoos infestation. Said Yungoos were probably all hiding in the caves in the cliffside now that Lee's yelling and swearing had scared them away.

"Don't swear, Lee," Hau chided, and Lee just rolled his eyes.

"Fuck you. I'm going to stick a bunch of grass down your shorts." It wasn't like he could retaliate by stuffing it in Hau's shirt, because Hau wasn't wearing one.

"You can stick something else down my shorts," Hau joked, and Lee tackled him hard enough that Hau probably got grass stains on his back. Hau was stronger than him, but Lee was sneaky, and he'd also gotten sweaty enough to slip out of Hau's grip, and he dug his sharp elbows into Hau's chest until Hau let him go.

Hau jumped after Lee as soon as he staggered to his feet, pinning him up against a tree trunk, squishing him enough that all the breath rushed out of his lungs. Hau was grinning at him, the sun behind his head edging him in gold. "Whoa," Lee said, and even though Hau was no longer smushing him, he still didn't feel like his breath was back.

"What's up?" Hau asked, like he didn't notice Lee's bare hands settling on his waist.

"You're... whoa. Did you ever realize that you're fucking hot?" Lee asked, and Hau just laughed. It reverberated through both of them, like every sound he made right now did.

"I don't really stop to think about it," Hau said.

"Well. You are." Lee grabbed him by the back of the neck, ignoring the fact that his hair was damp back there, and pulled him down, giving him a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss that didn't feel like the first one of the day at all. Their chests stuck together with sweat and Hau's arm around his shoulders, keeping him from scraping up his back on the bark, felt like it was a thousand degrees, but Lee didn't care. He was about to kick off his sandals and climb Hau like the tree he was leaning against. "Fuck me," Lee said.

"I can't exactly—I mean. Unless you keep lube in that thing," Hau said, glancing at Lee's backpack, which had about twenty pokeballs and zero lube in it.

"Uh, no. But I just. Shit, Hau, I want you so bad." Another series of hot kisses, moans spilling into the humid air. This was a stupid idea. This was the worst idea. Kukui or one of his assistants could have caught him, some random trainer could wander out here—and then Hau kissed his neck, and it suddenly felt like the best idea ever.

Lee adjusted them so that Hau's leg was between his, and ground down, eyes rolling up like he was trying to see the stars bursting behind them. Hau continued to kiss his neck, adding more pressure and—yep, there were his teeth, Lee was definitely going to be walking back into Kukui's lab with at least one hickey. It wasn't like he gave a fuck, anyway, not when he could feel Hau's cock hard against his thigh. His hands slipped against the small of Hau's back and he dug his fingertips into Hau's slick skin. "What are we doing?" Lee laughed, and Hau pressed a messy kiss to his chin.

"I don't know, but whatever it is, we're doing it right."

"For once."

"Can I like. Take my shorts off?" Hau asked, which was kind of adorable. Lee stuffed his fingers in the waistband of Hau's shorts and fumbled to untie the drawstring, but his hands were clumsy and he kept trying to kiss Hau's chest at the same time. "Move, move," Hau said, pushing Lee's hands out of the way so he could do it himself, dropping his bright floral board shorts to right below his dick. Lee had never seen it before, not really, and he wasn't about to start staring now, not when he could pull Hau against himself instead, Hau's dick poking into the soft part of his belly. Hau was a few inches taller, and it made things kind of difficult, but Lee could push himself up on his tiptoes and just—yes.

"Could you?" Lee asked, thumbing at the button on his shorts, still beyond being able to actually do much. Hau thumbed it open, tugging his zipper open as well, and hesitated right before actually touching him through his boxer-briefs.

"Are you okay with this?"

"Hell yes."

Hau tucked his hand into Lee's underwear and ran his thumb over the head of Lee's dick, which had him completely shot, pressing his forehead to Hau's shoulder, who didn't even seem to mind having Lee's sweaty mass of curls right up against his neck. Lee cursed into Hau's shoulder, his lips catching on the jut of Hau's collarbone. "Here, here," Hau said, pulling his shorts down, and they must have looked ridiculous, both of them shirtless with their shorts below their hips, hell, Lee still had his shoes on. But he didn't care once Hau wrapped his hand around both of them and pushed his cock right up against Lee's and holy shit, the only thing that could've made this better was if Lee kept lube and condoms in his backpack and could haul Hau off into the bushes to have his way with him.

Although, his mental situation would realistically end with a twig poking him in the butt or something.

"That's so good," Lee said, standing up on his toes again so he could push his cock through Hau's curled fingers. "Shit, that's so good."

Hau agreed with a breathy, "yeah, yeah," in Lee's ear, fucking harder and faster against him, lips closed around his earlobe, then open against his jaw, hand tracing down to the small of Lee's back, then into the back of his shorts, and Lee was going to fucking kill someone if anything stopped them now. Screw getting caught, he needed to come.

It surprised Lee when Hau came before him, mostly because he was so fucking close, he didn't think it was possible. But Hau screamed a little when he did, and Lee could feel it against his own cock, and he would've been able to stop and catch his breath but Hau didn't stop.

He came with Hau's lips on his, his head pressed back against the palm tree, both arms around Hau's shoulders, holding on so tight, he had to be leaving little claw marks in Hau's shoulders.

There was a moment after they finished that they tucked their foreheads together and just giggled like madmen. "I can't believe we just did that right out in the open," Lee said.

"Yeah," Hau said, "who knew I was into *that*?" He made to wipe his hand off on the palm tree, and Lee pulled a face until Hau sighed and let him fish out a packet of tissues from his bag. "Seriously? You keep tissues in here, but not lube?"

"Don't question them," Lee said, pulling his shirt back on because even though nudity had been fun, if he continued to wander around shirtless like Hau had been, he'd get burned to a crisp.

He wasn't expecting Hau to grab him and pull the both of them into the tall grass, but he didn't mind when Hau kissed him after, lips still hot. All of him was still hot, like Alola always was, and all of it made Lee want to settle in to him even more. He wasn't sure how long they kissed. It was definitely too long to make up any kind of excuses for the professor.

When he looked up, there was a lone Yungoos peeking through the grass, watching them. Hau tipped his head back, scruffing up his already-messy ponytail even more. Lee glared at the pokemon. "Fuck off," he said to it, and it seemed to understand, because the last thing he saw before Hau pulled him into another kiss was its tail.

Author's Note:

Thanks for getting through this whole thing! Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula for more gay stuff.